Tom Snowte, the Tinker?

Snowt. Here *Peter Quince.*

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father; my ſelfe, *Thiſbies* father; *Snugge*, the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: And I hope here is a Play fitted.

Snug. Haue you the Lyons part written? Pray you, if it bee, giue it mee: for I am ſlowe of ſtudie.

Quin. You may doe it, *extempore:* for it is nothing but roaring.

Bott. Let mee play the Lyon too. I will roare, that I will doe any mans heart good to heare mee. I will roare, that I will make the Duke ſay; Let him roare againe; let him roare againe.

Quin. And you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſſe, and the Ladies, that they would ſhrike: and that were inough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs, euery mothers ſonne.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you ſhould fright the Ladies out of their wits, they would haue no more diſcretion, but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voice ſo, that I wil roare you as gently, as any ſucking doue; I will roare you, and 'twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus*: for *Piramus* is a ſweete fac't man; a proper man as one ſhall ſee in a ſommers day; a moſt louely gentlemanlike man: therefore you muſt needes play *Piramus.*

Bot. Well: I will vndertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why? what you will.

Bot. I wil diſcharge it, in either your ſtraw colour beard, your Orange tawnie bearde, your purple in graine beard, or your french crowne colour beard, your perfit yellow.

Quin. Some of your french crownes haue no haire at all; and then you will play bare fac't. But maiſters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you

you, to con them by to morrow night; and meete mee in the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by Moone-light; there will wee rehearſe: for if wee meete in the city wee ſhal be dogd with company, and our deuiſes known. In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, ſuch as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bot Wee will meete, & there we may rehearſe moſt obſcenely, and coragiouſly. Take paines, bee perfit: adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oke wee meete.

Bot. Enough; holde, or cut bowſtrings. *Exeunt.*

¶ Enter a Fairie *at one doore, and* Robin goodfellow *at another.*

Robin. How now ſpirit, whither wander you?

Fa. Ouer hill, ouer dale, thorough buſh, thorough brier,
Ouer parke, ouer pale, thorough flood, thorough fire:
I do wander euery where; ſwifter than the Moons ſphere:
And I ſerue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the (greene.
The cowſlippes tall her Penſioners bee,
In their gold coats, ſpottes you ſee:
Thoſe be Rubies, Fairie fauours:
In thoſe freckles, liue their ſauours.
I muſt goe ſeeke ſome dew droppes here,
And hang a pearle in euery couſlippes eare.
Farewell thou Lobbe of ſpirits; Ile be gon.
Our Queene, and all her Elues come here anon.

Rob. The king doth keepe his Reuels here to night.
Take heede the Queene come not within his ſight.
For *Oberon* is paſſing fell and wrath:
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A louely boy ſtollen, from an Indian king:
She neuer had ſo ſweete a changeling.
And iealous *Oberon* would haue the childe,
Knight of his traine, to trace the forreſts wilde.
But ſhee, perforce, withholds the loued boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.